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THE TRIUMPH OF THE DEFEATED: an Easter pageant.

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# The Triumph of the Defeated

## An Easter Pageant

By Fred Eastman

Religious Education
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Pacific School of Religion

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THE TRIUMPH OF THE DEFEATED

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## An Easter Pageant

By
FRED EASTMAN

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# The Triumph of the Defeated

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## CHARACTERS

A. *Speaking Parts:*

ANGEL OF UNDERSTANDING.
FEAR OF DEATH.
PAUL.
LUTHER.
GALILEO.
RICHARD WAGNER.
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.
SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

B. *Non-speaking Parts:*

TWO FEAR GUARDS.
FIVE OTHER FEARS.
SIX CHILDREN.
CHOIR (*invisible*).
ORGANIST (*invisible*).

## COSTUMES

The Angel of Understanding in white Grecian robe; the Fears in black gowns and hoods; the children in white or in juvenile choir gowns; the prophets according to their portraits.

## NOTE TO THE FEARS

Much of the effect of this pageant depends upon the intensity of the persecutions as symbolized by your lashing the prophets with your red veils. In each case let this be done with great vigor and in a growing ecstasy of hatred, the Fears dancing in a circle around your victim and darting in to lash him furiously and then out again. But let no lashing take place during a speech lest it distract the attention of the audience.

## MUSIC

The following is the music used in this pageant in the order required:

Hymn—"In the Cross of Christ I Glory."
Tschaikowsky—"Andante Cantabile."
Schubert—"Erlkönig."
Hymn—"Christian, Dost Thou See Them?" (Verses 1 and 2.)
Beethoven—"Overture Coriolan," opus 62.
Hymn—"A Mighty Fortress." (Verses 1 and 3.)
Beethoven—"Overture Coriolan."
Hymn—"The Spacious Firmament." (Tune "Creation," verses 1 and 3.)
Beethoven—"Overture Coriolan."
Wagner—"Pilgrims' Chorus" from Tannhäuser.
Beethoven—"Overture Coriolan."
Hymn—"Battle Hymn of the Republic." (Verses 1, 3 and 4.)
Beethoven—"Overture Coriolan."
Hymn—"We'll Go On and Serve the Lord," by H. E. Stewart.
Beethoven—"Overture Coriolan."
Browne, J. Lewis—"Simplicity."
Saint Saen—"Dance Macabre."
Grieg—"The Death of Ase."
Gaul—"List the Cherubic Host" from "The Holy City" or Shelley—"Hark, Hark, My Soul."
Dickinson, Clarence—"A Joyous Easter Song."
Hymn—"For All Thy Saints" (tune "Sarum").

The music for this pageant was selected by the Reverend Norris L. Tibbetts.

# The Triumph of the Defeated

(*The congregation has assembled for worship in the church on evening of Easter Sunday. On the platform [or in the chancel] are two thrones, one diagonally across the* R. *rear corner, the other diagonally across the* L. *rear corner. At the* C. *rear of the platform is a small communion table bearing a cross. The choir and organist are invisible. A hymn "In the Cross of Christ I Glory" is sung. The minister reads the scripture lesson—Isaiah 53: 3–9 and Matthew 28: 1–9 closing with the words "Jesus met them, saying 'All hail!'" As the minister finishes the reading the organ plays Tschaikowsky's "Andante Cantabile." After the first few bars are played a white robed figure—the* ANGEL OF UNDERSTANDING—*is seen coming down the* C. *aisle. She walks slowly and with great dignity. As she mounts the platform and comes to the* C. *of it, facing the congregation, the organ ceases.*)

ANGEL OF UNDERSTANDING. Out of the unseen world I bring to you a story of the struggles of valiant souls. In that world I am known as the Angel of Understanding, because to me it is given to see the course of mankind, not as it appears to mortals in the light of to-day, but as the immortals see it in the perspective of the centuries. For my abode is in the farthest star and in the secret chambers of human hearts.

I wanted to come to you because I saw your need for the story I bring. You are struggling now as other souls have done in their day. You are troubled with fears as they were. Often your way ahead seems lost amid the darkening shadows. Your eyes, being mortal, see but the things that immediately surround you. Your ears are so filled with the roar of your machines that you cannot hear the songs of the angels. The stars seem far off and small to you and the pebbles under your feet seem large. Now and then you hear faint notes of some divine melody and catch fleeting glimpses of some holy grail. You feel within you the impulse to embark on some great adventure of courage and faith. But fears press you back. They tell you that you have but one life to live, that you can be certain only of the here and now, and that it is better to be safe than to be valiant. Thus they drown the divine melodies, they smother the gleam of the holy grail, they quench the creative fire within you.

The story that I bring is the story of other men and women who have been tried by these same fears. I have asked the Lord of Life to let me come to you and show you of their struggles, so that seeing you may understand and take new courage. He granted more than I asked and sent some of his angels who shall represent for you the powers of darkness and a few of the gallant spirits against whom they contended.

This platform shall be our stage upon which we shall present a few fragments of the drama of eternity. Here the Fears shall establish their tribunal. Before it will stand the spirits of gallant souls and reënact for you a bit of their struggle. This aisle (*indicating the* C. *aisle*) is the corridor of the centuries down which mankind has walked even unto the present day. From this place of perspective (*indicating the throne on the congregation's* L.

*at the back of the platform*) I shall watch as from some distant star. See, already they come!

(*A group of six figures in black gowns and hoods is seen coming down the* C. *aisle. Each carries in his hand three red veils,* [*about a yard square*] *and two black veils. The* ANGEL OF UNDERSTANDING *takes her place upon the throne and the six* FEARS *ascend the platform. Music as the* FEARS *enter, Schubert's "Erlkönig." Four of the* FEARS *occupy the space between the two thrones and in front of the communion table and facing the congregation. One stands at the side of the vacant throne and near the congregation. The sixth* FEAR—*the* FEAR OF DEATH, *stands in the* C. *and addresses the congregation.*)

FEAR OF DEATH. (*Gruffly and overbearingly*) We are the great Fears. You may not like us, but we are your masters for all that and we are useful to you. If it were not for me, the Fear of Death, you would be risking your lives on all sorts of foolish adventures. If it were not for my brother, the Fear of Hunger, many of you would not work. If it were not for my brother, the Fear of Poverty, you would squander your earnings and possessions. If it were not for my brother, the Fear of Failure, you would give up your tasks at the first bit of difficulty. If it were not for my brother, the Fear of the Unknown, you would be venturing too often into dangerous ways. If it were not for my brother, the Fear of Ridicule, you would thrust upon the world every silly notion that comes into your heads. We are, thus, the real saviours of mankind, for we save you from making fools of yourselves. Whenever we see one of you stepping away from the beaten path of the established order

of thought and action in Science, in Art, in Music, or in Religion, we press you back. If you will not listen to reason we have two weapons to aid us—we can cast over you this red veil of persecution. If that will not serve, we have a heavier veil—this black one of death. And when we cast the veil of death over you, you are finished, and you will trouble the earth no more. But why do I bandy words with you? We are here to perform our tasks, not to talk about them. Who comes yonder? Some new fool, I'll venture. Brother Fears, prepare to receive him. (*The* FEAR OF DEATH *occupies the remaining throne and awaits* PAUL. *Enter* PAUL, *calmly and quietly marching down the* C. *aisle followed closely by two* FEARS *who guide him to the* C. *of the platform where he faces the* FEAR OF DEATH *in such a way that the congregation can also see his face. The two* FEARS *who brought him return the way they came. This procedure will be followed for the succeeding entrances. Music to accompany* PAUL'S *entrance, hymn, "Christian, Dost Thou See Them?" verses 1 and 2 sung by an invisible choir of* THE EVERLASTING MERCIES.) Saul, you started out well. You fought hard against that pest Christianity for a time. What has come over you? You have left your ancient Jewish faith. You have gone over to the Gentiles. You are breaking down the barriers between races.

PAUL. It was necessary that the word of God should first be spoken to the Jews. But the Jews thrust it from them. So I turned to the Gentiles, for so the Lord commanded, saying: "I have set thee for a light of the Gentiles, that . . ."

FEAR OF DEATH. Bah! You have delusions of grandeur. What has happened to you?

PAUL. This is what happened to me: I was journeying to Damascus to persecute Christians and

as I drew nigh unto the city about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light ——

FEAR OF DEATH. (*Impatiently*) I know the rest. Hallucination! Nothing more.

PAUL. It was the voice of God to me. In a flash I saw that I had been wrong, narrow, blind. I saw that God loved the Gentiles as well as the Jews. Then and there He appointed me to proclaim the way of salvation to them.

FEAR OF DEATH. The Gentiles want none of your salvation. Brother Fears, let him see how the Gentiles feel about him.

(*The* FEARS *begin to lash* PAUL *with their red veils.* [*See "Note to Fears," page 5.*])

PAUL. (*Standing firm*) The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed to me.

FEAR OF DEATH. Let him be hated as a traitor and a heretic. Let him know hunger and thirst, exposure and privation, beatings and shipwreck. Stone him! Let him rot in prison! Let Roman chains eat through his flesh! Let him be hated and scorned by all men, then leave him to be forgotten and to die—alone! (*The* FEARS *increase their persecutions and now* PAUL *sinks to his knees and receives the black veil of death. Music to accompany the persecutions, Beethoven's "Overture Coriolan." Meanwhile,* MARTIN LUTHER *is seen marching slowly down the* C. *aisle pressed forward by two* FEARS.) And here comes another troubler of the Church, a rebel in religion. (LUTHER *reaches the* C. *of the platform and faces the* FEAR OF DEATH. *Music to accompany entrance, "A Mighty Fortress," verses 1 and 3 sung by the choir.* FEAR OF DEATH, *with a sneer.*) Martin Luther, the monk who left his monastery to meddle in politics, to shoot pamphlets against the Church and curses against

the Pope! The young upstart who would interfere with the authority of those in high places! The Church is good enough for everybody else, but not for you! Know this: the world has no use for trouble makers. The Church tolerates bothersome mosquitoes for a little while but it will crush them in the end. We shall be generous with you. We shall give you a chance to come back to your senses, to obey and to conform. Will you promise to recant and hereafter to live a quiet and contented life?

LUTHER. How can I be silent when the very stones cry aloud and the saints in the stained glass windows of the churches blush at the indignities that are allowed in the houses of God? How can I keep silent when the clergy rob ignorant women and make them believe that the souls of their dead fly out of Purgatory the minute the money rattles in the coffers. How can I keep silent when . . .

FEAR OF DEATH. Beware! Who are you to question Holy Church? Brother Fears, let him feel the bite of ridicule. Let him know the sting of the clergy's hatred. (*The* FEARS *begin to lash their red veils at him.*) If you will not consider your own peace, have you no regard for the peace of others? Go on as you have started and you will plunge your country into war. You will fan revolts and breed cruelty. Innocent peasants, women, and children will suffer on your account and you will be guilty of their blood. Will you keep silent?

LUTHER. I had rather incur the world's anger than God's. I will not be a false prophet crying "Peace, Peace," when there is no peace. I must do my duty as I see it, come what may. Here I stand, I can do no otherwise, so help me God.

FEAR OF DEATH. Brother Fears, let him feel the pressure of both Church and State! Cast him into prison! Excommunicate him! Exile him from his

native land! Purge the world of his impudence! (*The* FEARS *increase their persecutions and* LUTHER *sinks to his knees and bows his head beside* PAUL. *His figure is covered with a red veil. Music to accompany the persecution Beethoven's "Overture Coriolan."* **Meanwhile, the figure of* GALILEO *is seen marching slowly down the* C. *aisle, pressed forward by two* FEARS. *Music to accompany his entrance, "The Spacious Firmament" to the tune of "Creation," verses 1 and 3 sung by the choir.*) Here comes another disturber of the peace. (GALILEO *is brought before the throne of the* FEARS. FEAR OF DEATH, *harshly.*) Galileo, I believe you call yourself a scientist. You spend your time dropping pebbles from the tower of Pisa, and in playing with a pendulum. Harmless diversions! If that were all we could tolerate you. But you go further. You try to tell us that the world moves—turns upon some sort of axis! What nonsense! But you go further yet. You question the science in the Bible. You question the infallible wisdom of the Pope himself. This is too much. Will you recant?

GALILEO. What difference would it make if I recanted? The world would go on moving just the same.

FEAR OF DEATH. What! More impudence? Brother Fears, reason with him! (*The* FEARS *begin their persecutions.*) Take away his professorship. Threaten him with excommunication and with death by starvation. (*The* FEARS *increase their persecutions until* GALILEO *sinks beside the other prophets and is covered with a red veil. Music to accompany the persecution "Overture*

*If it is desired that other Christian leaders who suffered persecution or martyrdom be represented they can be introduced here. Ridley, Latimer, Cranmer, and Huss would be good examples.

*Coriolan."* *Meanwhile the figure of* RICHARD WAGNER *appears marching slowly down the* C. *aisle pressed forward by two* FEARS. *The music now melts into* WAGNER'S *"Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhäuser."* FEAR OF DEATH, *peering down the corridor of the centuries.*) Can it be? A musician come to join these fools? (*The choir sings "The Pilgrims' Chorus" until* WAGNER *stands before the* FEAR OF DEATH. *Sternly.*) Richard Wagner, hear the charge against you. You have broken away from all the sacred traditions in music. You have forgotten that your duty as a composer is to please the ear and soothe the nerves. You have chosen to foist upon the world new and silly notions about making music interpret character—whatever that may mean. You have meddled in many things that a composer should let alone—poetry and architecture, literature and stage management. You have even dabbled in politics. Do you know where it will all end?

WAGNER. (*Quietly and with high courage as a man who feels sure of his vision*) Yes, I know! It will end in a fuller expression of men's souls. Poetry alone is not enough, nor acting, nor even music. They must all work together to portray the mysteries of the inner life.

FEAR OF DEATH. (*Impatiently*) Bosh! Brother Fears, let him see where it will end. (*The* FEARS *begin their persecutions.*) It will end in poverty for you, in rejection by those who know what's what in music, in scorn and humiliation. It will end in disgrace and exile—that's where it will end. (*The* FEARS *beat* WAGNER *down until under a red veil he bows at last with the broken prophets. Music to accompany the persecutions, "Overture Coriolan." Meanwhile, the figure of* WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON *is marching down the* C. *aisle, pressed forward by two fears.* FEAR OF DEATH

*peering down the corridor of the centuries.*) Will the procession of fools never cease? Here comes one of the American variety. (*Music to accompany the entrance of* GARRISON, *"Battle Hymn of the Republic," verses 1, 3 and 4 sung by the choir. As* GARRISON *stands before* FEAR OF DEATH, *the music ceases.*) William Lloyd Garrison, you have become the most dangerous of radicals. You have advocated freedom for slaves. In this you have defied both God and man. Slavery is the cornerstone of civilization. It is a blessing for the slaves themselves, for the negroes are an inferior race and would revert to barbarism if freed. Slavery is a divine institution ——

GARRISON. (*Belligerently*) Who says it is a divine institution?

FEAR OF DEATH. Many of the most prominent preachers and statesmen of your country.

GARRISON. No matter who says it, it is a lie!

FEAR OF DEATH. (*With increasing vehemence*) Have a care! Who are you—a boy of twenty-six—to set your judgment against that of wiser men? You must learn moderation. You must compromise ——

GARRISON. (*Interrupting*) I will do nothing of the sort. I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. On the subject of slavery I do not wish to think, or speak, or write, with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen;—but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard.

FEAR OF DEATH. Brother Fears, this boy will

not listen to my arguments. Give him yours. (*The* FEARS *begin their persecutions.*) Give him the apathy of the people. Give him a term in jail. Give him a rope around his body and let him be dragged through streets. Make him the most hated man of his generation! (*The* FEARS *do their worst and finally* GARRISON'S *body, covered with a red veil, sinks beside the other prophets. Music to accompany the persecutions, "Overture Coriolan." Meanwhile the figure of* SUSAN B. ANTHONY *is seen marching down the* C. *aisle, pressed forward by two* FEARS. *As the music ceases.*) The world goes from bad to worse. Human beings never learn by the experience of those who have gone before. See! Now it is a woman who tries the rôle of prophet. Well, it will not be hard to dissuade her. (*Music to accompany* MISS ANTHONY'S *entrance, "We'll Go On and Serve the Lord," by H. E. Stewart.* FEAR OF DEATH *to* MISS ANTHONY *when she stands before him.*) Susan B. Anthony, your life has taken an amusing turn, but it may prove to be a dangerous turn if you are not advised in time to save you. As a school teacher you did good and useful work. You should have been content to remain in that position. But of late you have been intruding in matters that are entirely outside your sphere.

MISS ANTHONY. (*With vigor*) What matters are outside my sphere?

FEAR OF DEATH. Votes for women!

MISS ANTHONY. Votes for women *is* my sphere —the only sphere I shall know. Who says it shall not be?

FEAR OF DEATH. The whole world!

MISS ANTHONY. The whole world is wrong!

FEAR OF DEATH. Take care! (*Pointing to the broken bodies of the prophets.*) See what has happened to others who thought the world was wrong!

MISS ANTHONY. I see and I defy you! My cause is greater than any of theirs. It was wicked to allow white men absolute control over black men. It is vastly more wicked to give all men—rich and poor, white and black, native and foreign, educated and ignorant, virtuous and vicious—this absolute control over women. It must be broken! Votes for women will do it!

FEAR OF DEATH. (*Sneeringly*) Brother Fears, reason with her! (*The* FEARS *begin their persecutions.*) Strike harder! She is a revolutionist, aiming at the overthrow of the very foundations of society. Let the good people of the country see her as one destroying the sanctity of the home, the legitimacy of children, the sacredness of the family! Let them see her notions as coarse, sensual, and communistic! If she should win, who knows what will come next? If we have equality of the sexes some fool will next propose that we have equal rights between races, and religions, and even nations! Strike harder yet! The world must be saved! (*The* FEARS *do their worst until* MISS ANTHONY *is beaten down and her body covered with a red veil. Music to accompany the persecutions, "Overture Coriolan."*) But look! Here come the Children of To-morrow! Now is our opportunity to impress the lesson of these fools upon them. (*Down the corridor of the centuries comes a group of children, three boys and three girls, all in white and carrying white lilies. They do not march but come gaily. Organ music "Simplicity" by J. Lewis Browne. They do not mount the platform yet, but group themselves, three on either side and remain there witnessing the following action.* FEAR OF DEATH, *rising and coming to the* C. *of the platform.*) Children, see what has happened and take warning! These are the bodies of foolish persons who tried to fight against the world. They would

not listen to our words of caution. Some day you may be tempted to do as they did. If so you, too, shall meet the same fate. But we shall whisper to you, and when you hear our whisper, be sure that you obey us, for we shall guide you in ways of safety. Come, now, Brother Fears, our task with these prophets is done! (*In a brutish ecstasy.*)

We've finished them!
They'll trouble us no more!
They dared to stand against us
And we made them suffer;
They mocked us and we crushed them;
They defied us and we slew them!
  Pain! Pain! Pain! we gave them!
  Blood! Blood! Blood! was the price we made them pay!
  Death! Death! Death! was the end of them!
  Come, Brothers, rejoice in our triumph!
  Let them feel the flames of hell!

(*The* FEARS *weave a rhythmic dance around the broken bodies of the prophets. It begins slowly and gradually increases its tempo. After they have circled the prophets once they snatch the red and black veils from the heads of the latter and wave them as flames up and down, high and low—as they dance. And all the while they chant:*

Pain and Suffering!
  Blood and Death!
Pain and Suffering!
  Blood and Death!

*To accompany this dance the organ plays Saint Saens' "Dance Macabre." As the dance*

*reaches its climax suddenly the* ANGEL OF UNDERSTANDING *rises in stern majesty. The music ceases, the flames die down, the* FEARS *lose their ecstasy and cringe before her.*)

THE ANGEL OF UNDERSTANDING.

Enough! Enough! You have had your way with them!
You have starved them, crushed them, slain some—
You have robbed them of the honor that was theirs—
You have broken their bodies—But that is as far as you dare go.
You cannot cast them into hell. Their souls belong to the Lord of Life. They are in His care now. Away with you! Away!

(*Still cringing, the* FEARS *cast some of their red veils and a black one over the cross and then flee down the* C. *aisle, waving their remaining red and black veils above them as they go. Music to accompany their flight "The Death of Ase" by Grieg. As the* FEARS *disappear the organ music dies away.*)

THE ANGEL OF UNDERSTANDING. (*Softly to the* CHILDREN) Fear not, my Children! They told you but a half-truth. There are powers of darkness which can torture and kill. But there is a greater power which can raise again. They counselled safety. God counsels courage. And he that endureth to the end shall be saved. For God keeps watch above his own. See, then, the rest of the story. (*She turns to the broken prophets and speaks now to them.*)

Dead? Dead? O my valiant ones!
No! A thousand times no! God lives! And you shall live also!

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(*From afar comes faintly the chanting of heavenly music "List the Cherubic Host" from the Holy City by Gaul sung by the invisible choir of the* EVERLASTING MERCIES *or Shelley's arrangement of "Hark, Hark, My Soul." There is stirring among the forms of the* PROPHETS, *and slowly their heads are lifted up and the red and black veils fall about their shoulders.*) Paul! Luther! Galileo! Wagner! Garrison! Anthony! Seekers after truth, makers of freedom, you have had trial of mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonment, you have been destitute, afflicted, ill-treated. But you have endured to the end. Hear, then, the words of the Lord of Life: "You that do such things make it plain that you desire a better country. Therefore, God is not ashamed to be called your God. . . . You have fought a good fight; you have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for you a crown of life immortal." Come ye, blessed, rise! And enter into the joy of your Lord. (*Quickly she casts about the shoulders of each a white veil, symbol of immortality. As she does so, each rises. The prophets now group themselves half on either side of the platform so as to leave its center an open triangle—at the apex of which stands the cross, covered with the black and red veils. Music to accompany the resurrection of the prophets same as above.* ANGEL OF UNDERSTANDING *kneeling before the cross.*) And you, my Lord, despised and rejected of men, man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, you who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, shall you remain in a tomb while lesser prophets live? (*She draws the red and black veils from the top to the base of the cross. The six* CHILDREN *now ascend the platform and lay their lilies at the base of the cross and kneel before it. Music "A Joyous Easter Song" arranged by Clar-*

*ence Dickinson.* ANGEL OF UNDERSTANDING *rising and coming to the center of the platform—the* CHILDREN *behind her, the* PROPHETS *on either side. She speaks triumphantly.*) Thus saith the Lord,

If the earthly house of your tabernacle be dissolved,
You have a building from God,
A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

For your light affliction, which is for the moment,
Worketh for you more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory;

For the things which are seen are temporal,
But the things which are not seen are eternal.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth:
They may rest from their labors,
And their works do follow them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more;
Neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat:
For the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall be their shepherd,
And guide them to fountains of living water.

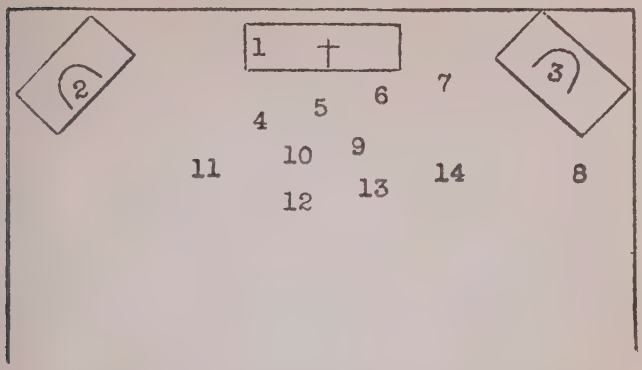
And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;
And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying;

And there shall be night no more;
And they need no light of lamp, neither light of the sun;
For the Lord God shall give them light:
And they shall reign for ever and ever.

(*The choir and the congregation break forth in exultant victory, singing "For All Thy Saints," tune Sarum, played joyously and the* PROPHETS *in triumph march two by two from the platform and down the Corridor of the Centuries, followed by the* ANGEL OF UNDERSTANDING *and by the* CHILDREN.)

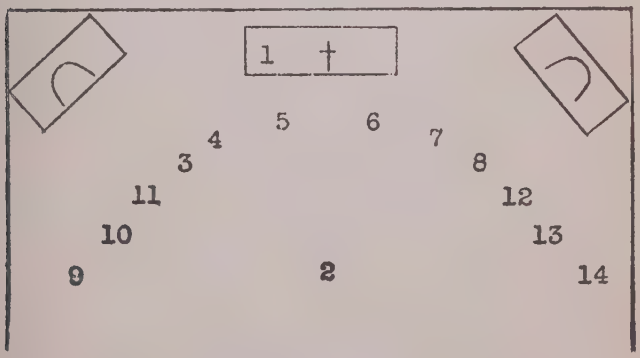
THE END

A. Platform (or chancel) and grouping of characters during persecution of the Prophets.




1, The Cross; 2, Angel of Understanding; 3, Fear of Death; 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, Other Fears; 9, Paul; 10, Luther; 11, Galileo; 12, Wagner; 13, Garrison; 14, Susan B. Anthony.

B. Platform (or chancel) and grouping of characters during the resurrection scene.




1, The Cross; 2, Angel of Understanding; 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, Children; 9, Paul; 10, Luther; 11, Galileo; 12, Wagner; 13, Garrison; 14, Susan B. Anthony.

WHITHER GOEST THOU? Religious play in 1 act. By Carleton H. Currie. 6 males, 1 female. Exterior scene. Costumes, 64 A.D. Plays 45 minutes. Winner of the Samuel French Award for the best one-act religious play written in the course given by Esther Willard Bates in the Summer School of Religious Drama, 1925, under the auspices of the Department of Drama of the Federal Council of Churches. A beautiful and effective play. Price, 35 cents. (No royalty.)

AT THE GATE BEAUTIFUL. Religious play in 1 act. By Harry Silvernale Mason. 5 males, 2 females. Exterior scene. Costumes, about the time of Christ. Plays 45 minutes. A most effective and beautiful play. Price, 35 cents. (No royalty.)

THE GIFT. A symbolic play in one act by Marie A. Foley. The action passes in a simple room of a little house near Judea during the lifetime of Our Lord. The characters are two men, one woman and three children. The costumes—tunic draperies—make it easily possible to be played by an all female cast. Joel, a little lame boy, firmly believes the Galilean can cure him of his lameness if he will go and ask Him. In preparation the boy makes a wreath of white roses as a gift for the Galilean. Huldah, with whom Joel lives, a woman with neither heart nor imagination, ridicules the boy's faith, throws the wreath into the fire and frustrates the boy's going by leaving him in sole charge of her father, an aged and infirm man. A stranger, blind, also seeking the Galilean, to regain his sight, stops at the door for food and rest. The boy takes him in. Accidentally the stranger comes in contact with the charred wreath which Joel has dragged from the fire. The stranger hears about the wreath's purpose and offers to carry it to the Galilean. Joel explains its sorry plight. "The Galilean will understand," answers the stranger. "But it is black and ugly," exclaims the boy. "But not the heart that fashioned it," he is answered. The stranger then learns of the boy's desire to be cured and offers himself to remain there with the aged man while the boy goes to get his heart's desire. The boy accepts the stranger's great sacrifice (much to the disappointment of the old invalid) and leaves the house. However, in a few minutes the boy is back again crying out that he cannot go. "It is much worse being blind than being lame." The stranger is put upon the road by the boy to seek the Galilean. The boy watching him through the window sees the stranger meet with a Traveller, sees the giving of his burnt wreath to the Traveller, its transformation into beautiful crimson roses as it touches the Traveller's hands, then the return of the stranger no longer blind to the house. In his joy the boy leaps across the room to the door to find that his crutches have dropped to the floor and he has leaped across the room unaided—cured. The play ends with much joy for all three in the room while outside is heard the voice of the unbeliever, "Strange we missed Him; He must have passed this way." The stranger answers, "Yes, He passed this way." Price, 35 cents.

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**THE STAR IN THE EAST.** Bible play in four acts by Anna Jane Harnwell. 9 males, 4 females. Plays a full evening. Biblical costumes. This four act drama is one of the prize plays resulting from the contest recently held by the Drama League of America in the hope of securing much needed Biblical scenes for use in the religious schools. A drama of the Book of Esther. It is written in blank verse, and adheres closely to the Bible narrative. Mordecai is the star role for a man, but the characters of Esther, Vashti and the King are almost equally good. The very beautiful and dramatic setting of the Old Testament story makes it quite as interesting as a secular production, though it is especially suitable for church or Sunday School use. Settings as simple or as elaborate as desired. Price, 35 cents.

**JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.** Biblical drama in 1 act, by Elma Ehrlich Levinger. 5 males, 6 females. This one-act drama of the time of Esther is one of the prize plays resulting from the contest recently held by the Drama League of America in the hope of securing much needed material on Biblical themes for use in the religious schools. It presents the familiar story from a new and dramatic angle, with a strong element of suspense. The characters are vividly drawn, the dialogue poetic without being stilted. It may be presented either with simple settings and a small group, or as a pageant play with elaborate scenic effects, a large cast and interpolated choruses and group dances. Price, 35 cents.

**THE NATIVITY.** A Christmas festival composed entirely of selections from the Bible story of the Nativity, arranged as a mystery play. It is accomplished by carols and is adapted for easy production by children or young people, to be given as a service at Christmas time in the churches. The "Nativity" was published a few years ago in the "Youth's Companion." Since that time there has been so large a demand for it by churches of all denominations we have arranged for its publication. Price, 35 cents.

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